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Dramatic Publishing

THE TUESDAY AFTERNOON REGULARS

A Musical in One Act for Young Audiences

Book by

JOSEPH ROBINETTE

Music by

THOMAS TIERNEY

Lyrics by

JOSEPH ROBINETTE and THOMAS TIERNEY



Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • England • Australia • New Zealand

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(THE TUESDAY AFTERNOON REGULARS)

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All producers of THE TUESDAY AFTERNOON REGULARS *must* include the following billing in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Musical and in all instances in which the title of the Musical appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Musical and/or a production: “Book by Joseph Robinette, music by Thomas Tierney, lyrics by Joseph Robinette and Thomas Tierney.” The names of the Author and Composer *must* also appear on a separate line, on which no other name appears, immediately following the title, and *must* appear in size of type not less than 50% the size of the title type. No one should receive larger billing than that afforded the Author and Composer. Biographical information on the Author and Composer, if included in the playbook, may be used in all programs. *In all programs this notice must appear:*

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The Tuesday Afternoon Regulars was commissioned by Valdosta State University and the Peach State Summer Theatre as part of a multi-state “Education: Go Get It” initiative.

The musical was first produced by the Peach State Summer Theatre, Jacque Wheeler, artistic director, with the following cast:

Mr. Toona/Ms. Mc Bee Justin Barnette
Leon Dan Graul
Amber Laura Lynn Tapper
Nehi. Taavon P. Gamble
Marcy Tracy McBurnett
Jamie-Boo. Bryonha Marie Parham
O. T. Chris Bell

Scene Design
Rich Haptonstall

Lighting Design
Tracie Duncan

Costume Design
LeVonne Lindsay

Musical Director
Joe Brashier

Vocal Coach
Carol Mikkelsen

Sound Engineer
Mark Kiyak

Choreographed by Barbara Hartwig

Directed by Randy Wheeler

THE TUESDAY AFTERNOON REGULARS

A Musical in One Act for Young Audiences
For 4 Males and 3 Females (flexible) *

CHARACTERS

MR. TOONA / MS. MC BEE

LEON

AMBER

NEHI

MARCY

JAMIE-BOO

O.T.

(Mr. Toona is in his 30s; Ms. Mc Bee is mid-40s or older.
The others are 13 and 14.)

TIME: The present.

PLACE: A middle school classroom.

* See production notes on page 75.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

- “It’s Time for a Change” Mr. Toona
- “The Tuesday Afternoon Regulars” Students (except O.T.)
- “Pumping Gas” Students (except O.T.) & Ms. Mc Bee
- “It’s Up to You” Ms. Mc Bee
- “Go! Nehi, Go!” Students (except O.T.) & Ms. Mc Bee
- “Can’t Believe You’re Buyin’ This Stuff” O.T.
- “Money to Spend” Students & Ms. Mc Bee
- “O.T.’s Turn” O.T. & Ms. Mc Bee
- “Ten Years From Now” – Part I Students (except O.T.)
- “Something Out There Better” O.T. & Ms. Mc Bee
- “Ten Years From Now” – Part II Students (except O.T.)
- “Bows & Reprise: The Tuesday Afternoon Regulars” . . Students
& Ms. Mc Bee
- “Exit Music (Instrumental - “Pumping Gas”)

THE TUESDAY AFTERNOON REGULARS

SCENE: *The setting is a typical middle school classroom.*

AT RISE: *A school bell is heard, followed by the sounds of unseen middle school students leaving for the day. A VOICE is heard over the intercom.*

VOICE. Attention please. Disregard the earlier announcement. Bus seventeen will load at its usual spot after all. The disabled bread truck has been towed away.

(MR. TOONA, assistant principal, enters and straightens up a couple of desks.)

And don't forget tomorrow's basketball game. The Logan Middle School Lions against our very own undefeated Cougars.

(MR. TOONA looks at the clock on the wall, then glances at his watch, perhaps adjusting it.)

MR. TOONA. Well, it's almost that time again. An assistant principal's favorite after-school assignment. Detention.

(SONG: "IT'S TIME FOR A CHANGE")

MR. TOONA (*singing*).

**IN THE BEGINNING I DIDN'T MIND
TAKING THE TASK I WAS ASSIGNED.
I THOUGHT THAT I COULD HELP THESE KIDS,
KEEP THEM FROM GOING ON THE SKIDS.
BUT THEY DON'T PAY ATTENTION
IN CLASS OR IN DETENTION.
THEY REALLY DON'T WANT TO HEAR A WORD
THAT I SAY.
JUST THE SAME OLD MONKEY BUS'NESS I GET
EV'RY DAY.**

(He crosses to the teacher's desk and kneels behind it, picking up a book off the floor.)

AMBER and MARCY appear in the doorway of the classroom, not seeing MR. TOONA.)

AMBER (*speaking*). Hey, Mr. Toona's not here yet.

MARCY. Old Toona-Fish is always here before us.

AMBER. We've still got three or four minutes till the second bell. Let's go under the bleachers and grab a quick smoke.

MARCY. You got cigarettes?

AMBER. I sneaked a couple from my mom this morning.

(They exit hurriedly as MR. TOONA tosses the book onto the teacher's desk.)

MR. TOONA (*singing*).

WHY CAN'T I GET TO THEM,

**DO MORE THAN BABYSIT?
I HAVEN'T MADE A DIFF'RENCE,
NOT A SINGLE BIT.**

(O.T. enters.)

O.T. *(matter-of-fact)*. Hey.

MR. TOONA *(evenly)*. O.T.... What are you doing here?

O.T. I pulled detention today.

MR. TOONA. You? You're too clever. You never get detention.

O.T. Well, you're stuck with me today, Mr. T-man.

MR. TOONA. The name is Toona.

O.T. Whatever... I need a hall pass for the boy's room.

MR. TOONA. You've got a couple of minutes before the second bell.

O.T. I got a bad stomach. May need to be in there for a while. *(MR. TOONA takes a deep breath, exhales, then reaches into the desk and pulls out a hall pass which he signs and hands to O.T.)* Thanks, Mr. Too-na. *(He takes a crumpled piece of paper from his jacket pocket and tosses it toward the wastebasket which he misses.)* Oops... Sorry. *(He exits, sauntering. Irritated, MR. TOONA picks up the paper.)*

MR. TOONA *(singing)*.

**THIS KID IS JUST WHAT I NEED.
NO QUESTION, HE IS THE KIND OF TOUGH GUY
THAT MAKES A TEACHER GO PREMATURELY
GRAY.
AND HE'S IN DETENTION TODAY!**

**AS FOR THE REST OF THE BUNCH,
I'M SURE I'LL SEE ALL THE USUAL DROP-INS,
THE ONES WHO THINK THAT DETENTION IS A
GAME.**

**WHAT A WASTE! WHAT A SHAME!
I'VE PLEADED, I'VE ARGUED, I'VE TALKED.
THEY'VE ACTED INDIFF'RENT, THEY'VE
BALKED.**

**I'VE TRIED TO UPLIFT AND INSPIRE,
ENCOURAGE THEM TO LIGHT A FIRE.
BUT THEY ONLY THINK OF IMMEDIATE
PLEASURES,
REFUSE TO APPRECIATE LEARNING'S REAL
TREASURES.
THE TIME HAS COME TO TAKE DESPERATE
MEASURES!**

(His anger is gaining full steam.)

**THE TIME HAS COME FOR A CHANGE!
THIS IS THE MOMENT TO REARRANGE THINGS.
THERE'S NOTHING LEFT BUT TO SHAKE THEM
TO THE CORE
LIKE THEY'VE NEVER BEEN SHAKEN BEFORE.**

**MY HELP THEY'VE REFUSED.
MY PSYCHE IS BRUISED.
BUT THERE IS A STRATEGY
I HAVE NEVER USED.**

(Speaking.) Get ready!

(Singing.)

**YES!
I KNOW THE WAY TO SOLVE THIS MESS!**

**THE TIME HAS FINALLY, DEFINITELY COME
FOR A MAJOR...**

(Speaking.) Change! *(He hurls the crumpled paper into the wastebasket and exits hurriedly.)*

VOICE. A reminder to those of you reporting to Room 118. You must be there by the second bell or Mr. Toona will add late minutes to your detention.

(A moment later, a bell rings. Just before it stops ringing, JAMIE-BOO, LEON, AMBER, MARCY and NEHI, who carries a basketball, enter breathlessly.)

STUDENTS *(laughing)*. Whew! We barely made it. As usual. But we always beat the bell. You bet. Etc.

(SONG: “THE TUESDAY AFTERNOON REGULARS”)

STUDENTS *(singing)*.

**ALWAYS HURRYING TO GET NOWHERE,
ALWAYS SCURRYING, GOT TO GO WHERE
EACH OF US MUST PAY
FOR BREAKING A SILLY RULE
AT THIS TOTALLY STUPID SCHOOL.**

**ALWAYS PICKING ON US, THE LITTLE GUYS,
MAKING US TOE THE LINE, APOLOGIZE
JUST FOR SOMETHING DUMB
WE DID THAT WASN'T COOL
AT THIS TOTALLY STUPID SCHOOL.**

**OH YEAH, IT'S TUESDAY AFTERNOON,
AND WE ARE HERE.**

12 THE TUESDAY AFTERNOON REGULARS

**WHY IS IT EV'RY TUESDAY AFTERNOON
WE END UP HERE**

1ST BOY.

**WITH THAT OLD BORING MISTER TOONA
FACE?**

2ND BOY.

CAN'T WAIT TO CUT LOOSE FROM THIS PLACE.

GIRLS.

**THAT'S WHEN WE TURN SIXTEEN, THE MAGIC
AGE,**

ALL.

THE AGE WE GET TO TURN THE FINAL PAGE!

1ST GIRL.

WON'T BE LONG TILL WE TASTE FREEDOM,

2ND GIRL.

HIP AND HAPPENING, AWESOME FREEDOM.

3RD GIRL.

**ALL THE OTHER KIDS WILL BE ENVIOUS.
WATCH 'EM DROOL,**

ALL.

**'CAUSE THEY'RE STILL AT THIS STUPID
SCHOOL!**

DETENTION!

THIS IS THE HOUR OF DETENTION.

**WE'RE S'POSED TO FEEL A LOTTA TENSION
WHILE WE'RE PAYING FOR OUR CRIME
AND DOING TIME.**

**THE TUESDAY AFTERNOON
REGULARS.
THE DETENTION EV'RY TUESDAY AFTERNOON
REGULARS.**

JAMIE-BOO. So, what'd you do, Leon?

LEON. Nothing. Just late to first period again.

AMBER. And you probably slept through *that*.

MARCY. What are you in for, Amber?

AMBER. Not paying attention in class.

MARCY. Daydreaming about the next beauty pageant, I'll bet.

LEON. Nehi?

NEHI. Dribbling the ball in the hall.

JAMIE-BOO. Last week it was in the lunchroom.

NEHI. I gotta keep workin' on my game, man.

JAMIE-BOO. Marcy?

MARCY. Putting on make-up in class.

JAMIE-BOO. So she'll look good for Jeremy.

NEHI. What'd you do, Jamie-Boo?

JAMIE-BOO. I whispered one little joke to Celeste Tate. She laughed out loud, and Prune-Face Farcus sent me to the office.

AMBER. So, here we are again.

ALL (*singing*).

**THE TUESDAY AFTERNOON REGULARS.
THE DETENTION EV'RY TUESDAY AFTERNOON
REGULARS.**

**WE'LL ALWAYS STICK TOGETHER AS A GROUP
UNTIL WE FIN'LLY FLY THIS COUP.
BUT TILL THIS TOTALLY IGNORANT SCHOOL
STUFF ENDS,
AT LEAST WE CAN BE TUESDAY AFTERNOON
FRIENDS.**

**'CAUSE WE'RE THE TUESDAY AFTERNOON,
THE TUESDAY AFTERNOON,
THE TUESDAY AFTERNOON—**
(They chatter and high-five each other.)
—REGULARS!

MARCY. Look, Mr. Toona still isn't here.

LEON. Where is old Fish-Face?

AMBER. Hey, guess who else got detention today? O.T.
Denby.

NEHI. He never gets detention. He's too smooth.

MARCY. He's too cool.

JAMIE-BOO. He's too mean. They're afraid of him.

AMBER. Well, he got detention today. That's what I
heard.

NEHI. He must have found a way to get out of it.

MARCY. Yeah. He's not here.

LEON. And neither is old Toona-Fish. I wonder where he is.

JAMIE-BOO. Maybe he had a meltdown. Get it—Toona
melt...down. (ALL groan good-naturedly.)

NEHI. Yeah, we got it.

MARCY. We've got to be careful. Someday he's going to
hear us making fun of his name.

MR. TOONA'S VOICE *(from offstage)*. Thank you very
much, Ms. Mc Bee.

LEON. Shhh.

MS. MC BEE'S VOICE (*from offstage*). My pleasure, Mr. Toona.

LEON. Quick, we gotta start doing our homework, or old Fish-Sticks will add more minutes to our detention.

(The STUDENTS quickly sit at desks and begin doing homework.)

MS. MC BEE'S VOICE. I look forward to the little darlings.

(The STUDENTS look up quizzically.)

MR. TOONA'S VOICE. Well, they're not so little. And I wouldn't exactly call them darlings, either.

MS. MC BEE'S VOICE. Oh, they will be when *I* get through with them. Ta-ta, Mr. Toona.

(MS. MC BEE enters. She is outlandish—a combination of Dame Edna and Carmen Miranda. MS. MC BEE is, of course, MR. TOONA in disguise.)

MS. MC BEE. Well, well, well. There they are!

AMBER. Who—who are you?

MS. MC BEE. I'm your DSDT, my puppies.

NEHI. DSDT?

MS. MC BEE. Designated Substitute Detention Tutor. And tutor you, I shall.

JAMIE-BOO. Where's—Mr. Toona?

MS. MC BEE. You mean—Mr. Toona, as in Toona Casserole? (*She chuckles.*) Well, he's on a little bye-bye for the hour. You might say, I'm the Toona sub. Get it—

Toona *sub*? Oh, I can see my little minions are going to bring out the best in me today. Now, what were you doing before I came in?

MARCY. Uh—homework.

(ALL quickly agree.)

MS. MC BEE. Homework? What on earth for?

LEON. That's what we do in detention.

MS. MC BEE. Nonsense. Who came up with that silly rule? You're supposed to do homework at home. That's why it's *called* homework. You don't do *schoolwork* at home, do you? *(They respond with "no," "huh-uh," etc.)* Of course, you don't. You do schoolwork at *school*. You do homework at *home*. Now put that homework away, and let's have some fun today! *(ALL are almost in shock, but delighted.)* I want to know all about my petite pumpkins this afternoon. Your ambitions, your hopes, your dreams...your favorite soup on a cold winter's night. *(Mesmerized by her, the STUDENTS don't respond. She glares at them, then speaks quickly.)* You do have ambitions, hopes, dreams and favorite soups, don't you? *(They begin to stammer and nod.)* Just say, "yes." *(ALL respond with "Yes... Yeah...sure," etc.)* Gooooo! We're beginning to understand each other. Now let us begin with— *(Pointing to LEON.)*

LEON. Me?

MS. MC BEE. No, the *desk* you're sitting in... Of course, you.

LEON. What do you want to know first?

MS. MC BEE. How about—the soup.

LEON. Uh, Chicken Noodle.